

NON SATIS OMEN

The Hampshire College Alumni Magazine

Spring 2010

Spring 2010 > *notes*

> 1996

WADE STUCKWISCH writes, "I've returned to my birthplace of Buffalo, New York, and I'm proud to have just moved in to my new apartment in the Elm Wood District. It's a big improvement over living in my friends' basement in Cincinnati. However, living rent free for ten years has allowed me to complete my first film since my Div III. Entitled *choke/up-wank/off*, it is a self-referential examination of masturbation in the context of gender, class, post-modernity, and sexuality. On April 30th, I will be premiering my film at Hallwall's in Buffalo (see you all there!) It's good to be back in the City of No Illusions. I'm glad to be closer to Toronto and New York (although I still refuse to move to New York) and away from the cultural vacuum of the Midwest. I have also taken a position at a national video store chain."

JACOB CHABOT writes, "I just ran into **MARK HUGO** (97S). Due to complications with the production of his film, *Ass Masters in the Sky 37*, I now have 13 distinct STDs. Please write me in the hospital and read my comic book."

> 1997

MARK HUGO writes, "Hi there, homeless losers! I just ran into Jacob Chabot in Vegas. He's in my new movie, *Ass Masters in the Sky 37*. Rock On" -Mark "Who's Your Daddy" Hugo

> 1998

JASON "Dr. WILDER" KONSCHAK writes, "Hey suckahs! Dig this. I'M DEAD! But that's cool, cause I'm in Hell, and all my ex-girlfriends are here to keep me company. They're real horny, too. Get it, horny, you know—like demons—horny—oh ... nevermind. Anyway, hope you'll join the orgy soon, lame-o. (I have it on good authority that you will.) Mwe he he."

JESSICA VANSCHOY writes, "My recent work involves writing for the made-for-TV-movie, *90210: The Reunion*." I plan on buying a 1978 El Camino and travelling cross-country with my cowboy beau, Buckston, in the near future. I currently have three illegitimate children who live with their grandmother, and perform phone sex as a sideline. Hampshire alumni and parents are welcome to contact me at 1-900-Hand-Job."



Looking for Daddy Hugo—SWF anonymous



Beukie and Rusty

MICHAEL "BENNI" PIERCE writes, "When are you all going to come back to Hampshire? I'm lonely. The new students are really scary with their digital video cameras. You said that you would come back in a month or two, and I've been waiting eight years now. I could really use the moral support in order to finish my Div II in Video. Hope to see you soon. Oh, and my cats Beukie and Rusty say 'Meow.'"

In Memoriam

Paul Boyer (93F), husband, father, and modern Renaissance man, died after a bout with cancer of the anus. The unprecedented success of the production of Boyer's Division III screenplay began his meteoric rise to prominence. Although shortened, Boyer's life was rich. He authored three acclaimed scholarly volumes on European history, and collaborated with Erroll Morris on a documentary on world beers. At the time of his death, he was collaborating with James Cameron on *Titanic II: Lusitania*. Contributions may be sent to the Guinness Brewery, Dublin, Ireland

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The Omen

Volume 12, Number 4
March 12, 1999

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Jacob Chabot.....Crotch Rot
Mat Lauritsen.....Panty Liner
Mark Hugo.....Just this Guy
Jason Wilder Konschak.....Jinkees!
Michael Pierce.....Yurt Rustlin'
Jess VanScoy.....Punky Brewster Bustin'
Dave Killen.....Illin' with Killin'
Wade Stuckwisch.....Art Fag
Aemily Reshen.....Not Calling Us
Gareth Edel.....Ungrammatical
Tyler Carey.....Big N' Hair
Gus Andrews.....Ain't Nobody's Bitch

Contributors

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Caleb Chabot
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Peter Kowalke
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Jen Peña

"So you had anal sex just to be popular?"

-Mark Hugo



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We won't edit anything you write (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to be responsible for what you say (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. Submit to Michael Pierce (G-112, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Michelle Beach (B-304, x4472). We prefer submissions on disk — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL Liberal Losers

by Michelle Beach

Hampshire College is a very liberal college. A lot of things are overlooked by the administration, the students have a great deal of control over their education, and people are free to say almost anything they want to. Or are they?

Posters around campus advertise the "Nape Fuck" and the "Vagina Speak-out." Articles in publications are commonly quite offensive. The College should value this open discourse. Having signs and articles addressing a variety of potentially offensive issues serves to educate the community. Anything else would stifle free speech.

Unfortunately, it appears that Hampshire does not value free speech and open discourse. Under the guise of a "Discriminatory Harassment" policy, just about anything you say—offensive or not—violates "community norms."

According to *Non Satis Non Scire*, Hampshire's policy book, discriminatory harassment is "verbal, physical, or written abuse or other offensive actions directed towards an individual or group on the basis of race or racial affiliation, age, sex or sexual preference, religion, national origin, disability, or previous military service." That, isn't too bad, but the Handbook goes on to clarify the definition:

1. Physically assaulting, or threatening to assault anyone.
2. Causing any person to have good rea-

son to believe that they are prevented from pursuing activities of their choice.

3. Making written or oral statements designed to produce fear.

4. The use of offensive or insulting language to describe anyone.

5. Any similar actions designed to degrade, insult, threaten, or harm members of any such groups, or which can be reasonably expected to have these effects.

So, is there anything any one can say or write? Everything has the potential for offending someone and under this policy all rights are protected. The College is telling us that not only can we not put up postering advertising the "Nape Fuck," we also can not advertise the "Vagina speak-out." We can't write articles criticizing the administration, the faculty, or the food at Saga. We can't express our opinions about how well or poorly the student leaders on campus are filling their roles. In short, this policy stifles dialogue.

Because of it, Hampshire is saying that the school does not value open discourse on any subject. We can't talk about race. We can't talk about sex. We can't talk about religion. Is there anything we can talk about?

Some may think that the policy is good, that I am taking too literal interpretation of it. I would disagree. Because this policy is here, any one for any reason can make someone else's life quite miserable. However, as soon as they say something that someone else

finds offensive, their lives can also be turned upside down.

But, some would ask, if there was no policy, then there would be no way to prevent uncalled for things from happening. That, of course, goes back to your definition of uncalled for. For some, it might simply be seeing the word Fuck, for others, it may take a lot more.

So the school decided not to draw any lines, not to try to sort it out, but instead to write a policy that is so vague that no one is allowed to say anything at all.

So, how can this policy be changed? We could find out who wrote it, and with their help, set up a committee to review and revise it. This may work, it may also take a long time. But it is worth trying.

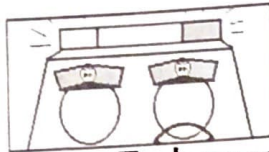
The other way to go about changing the policy is to actually get in trouble by it. After the school finds you guilty of discriminatory harassment, hire a lawyer and take the school to court. I bet the policy is changed even before a trial date is set. Whenever such policies have been taken to court in other schools, they have always been found to be unconstitutional.

But until then, be careful what you say.

by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURE OF SURLY BOY IN THE STR





POLICE LOG!

February 16 - March 1

Disturbance

Feb. 17, 12:19 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re A-4
Feb. 17, 11:09 p.m.: Merrill noise complaint re A-4
Feb. 20, 2:01 a.m.: Prescott party shut down re apt. 102
Feb. 20, 2:21 a.m.: Enfield party ending upon arrival
Feb. 21, 1:58 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re A-2
Feb. 21, 2:42 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re A-3
Feb. 21, 3:55 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re A-3
Feb. 23, 6:41 p.m.: Merrill/Dakin quad kids rollerblading—individuals spoken to
Feb. 24, 1:13 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re A-1 and A-3
Feb. 24, 2:05 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re A-3
Feb. 25, 2:37 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re A-3
Feb. 26, 1:13 a.m.: Dakin noise complaint re G-1
Feb. 26, 2:05 a.m.: Greenwich noise complaint re G-3
Feb. 27, 10:31 p.m.: Tavern concerned re behavior/unfounded
Feb. 28, 1:18 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re B-2
Feb. 28, 2:44 a.m.: Merrill noise complaint re A-4
March 1, 4:19 a.m.: Merrill—no disturbance found - re A-2

Fire Alarm

Feb. 17, 8:24 p.m.: Greenwich cooking smoke apt. 11
Feb. 18, 2:45 p.m.: Merrill cooking smoke re C-3
Feb. 18, 9:47 p.m.: Greenwich undetermined in donut 3
Feb. 21, 2:42 a.m.: Dakin malicious activation of a pull station
Feb. 27, 3:41 a.m.: Dakin cooking smoke re E-1
Feb. 28, 12:08 a.m.: Greenwich cooking smoke re apt 19
March 1, 11:35 a.m.: Greenwich cooking smoke re donut 3

Vandalism

Feb. 26, 2:06 a.m.: Dakin graffiti on walls of G-4
Feb. 27, 1:05 a.m.: Merrill graffiti on retaining wall by entrance
Feb. 27, 1:25 a.m.: Art Barn graffiti on retaining wall by entrance

Intrusion Alarm

Feb. 18, 9:08 a.m.: Film and Photo—accidental
Feb. 21, 1:45 a.m.: RCC—accidental
Feb. 21, 6:16 p.m.: RCC—accidental
Feb. 23, 8:10 a.m.: Film and Photo—accidental

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Motor Vehicle Items

Feb. 16, 6:12 p.m.: Back Gate speeding violation—operator spoken to
Feb. 19, 6:45 a.m.: Dakin Road vehicle skidded off road—probably black ice. Taken to the hospital where one of the passengers was treated for a broken hip. All others OK.
Feb. 22, 7:03 a.m.: Prescott vehicle towed from F/S lot—on tow list
Feb. 22, 11:03 p.m.: Enfield Circle owner paid drop fee
Feb. 24, 8:44 a.m.: Prescott vehicle towed from F/S lot—on tow list
Feb. 25, 11:16 p.m.: Dakin speeding violation—operator spoken to
March 1, 11:30 p.m.: Main Drive speeding violation—operator spoken to

Special Service

Feb. 16, 3:01 p.m.: Film and Photo student assisted with cutting lock
Feb. 18, 8:35 p.m.: Library staff member assisted with access
Feb. 20, 5:32 p.m.: Prescott assisted student—locked out of vehicle
Feb. 20, 6:20 p.m.: Bus Circle—assisted student—locked out of vehicle
Feb. 22, 7:25 p.m.: Prescott possible missing student—no problem
Feb. 22, 8:19 p.m.: Greenwich request to check that coffee pot was turned off

Suspicious Items

Feb. 24, 8:18 a.m.: RCC—accidental
Feb. 28, 8:23 p.m.: Film and Photo—accidental
Feb. 18, 7:30 a.m.: Cole Science Center individuals identified—Hampshire students
Feb. 20, 1:38 a.m.: Dakin Parking Lot—unable to locate individual
Feb. 21, 6:30 p.m.: Vehicle—NYBC vehicle noted in the area
Feb. 28, 10:30 p.m.: Library suspicious person—unable to locate individual

Larceny

Feb. 16, 6:20 p.m.: Merrill laptop computer reported stolen. Unlocked room. No leads. Derrick reminds us to LOCK OUR DOORS.

Liquor Law Violation

Feb. 20, 4:45 p.m.: Merrill keg confiscated from B-3
Feb. 27, 1:05 a.m.: Merrill six pack confiscated—minor in possession

Safety Hazards

Feb. 18, 12:02 a.m.: Exterior of FPH—odor of smoke reported—no problem

First Americans: First Rights

by Jenn Barr-Di Piazza

Being a weekly reader of the *Omen* (and once co-music editor with Aemily dara Reshen), I have realized that most of the weekly writers and I'm assuming the students who read this publication, have one thing necessary for reading the information this article contains: ANGER. And lots of it, might I add, but I believe it's high time you all get revved up about something REALLY upsetting. Something that is happening right under all of our noses, that very few people, especially on the East Coast are even aware of. One of the government's dirty little secrets: the forced relocation of traditional Dine' (Navajo) families. **Now I know what you all are thinking, "Boy is Jenn wrapped up in her DIV III. It's starting to take over her mind."** And you would be correct in thinking this. So are you ready? Let's take the plunge!

In 1974 after finding one of the country's largest coal deposits, congress enacted the 1974 Navajo-Hopi Settlement Act. This Act divided a former Joint Use Area for the two tribes. After finding coal the government thought it would be a good idea to decide which tribe actually owned the land so it would know who to get to sign mineral leases. Congress awarded 1/2 of the JUA to the Hopi and 1/2 to the Dine'. It also provided that any member of one tribe residing on the side that was partitioned to the other had to relocate. Unfortunately, the land given over to the Hopi was almost entirely occupied by Dine' families who are tied to the land through their religion.

Years of negotiations the Hopi Tribe along with the U.S. Congress has allowed the Dine' families residing on the Hopi Partitioned Lands to sign a 75-year lease which allows them to "rent" their homeland for 75 years under Hopi jurisdiction (without the right to vote in Hopi elections). The Dine' were given to the end of March 1997 to sign these leases. The leases were supported by the Tribal Councils of both the Hopi Tribe and the Navajo Nation. The leases were not supported by the traditionals of either tribe. This is a dispute between traditionals of both tribes, who want to continue to live in relative peace as they have done for centuries and the Tribal

COMMENTARY

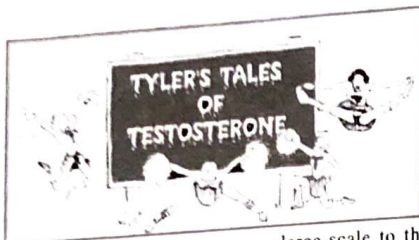
Councils who benefit from the exploitation of their people. Leading up to the March deadline to sign the leases, community activists reported that Dine' elders (who are the majority of the population to be relocated or sign the lease) were being harassed by an increased number of low-level supersonic flyovers. As well as a large presence of Hopi Rangers (police) in combat uniforms carrying automatic weapons. The Dine' were given until the end of March 1997 to sign the leases or relocate ending their ability to practice their religion. Many elders testified that members of the Navajo Tribal Council forged their names onto leases right in front of them.

On July 1, 1997 a Federal Relocation Commission (set up specifically to deal with the logistics of relocating the Navajo) spokesperson stated: "We began to visit all the families who had not signed leases and told them that they had 3 years to collect relocation benefits. They will be able to move into houses we have built for them". However these new homes are being built on a radioactive dump left over from the Rio Puerco disaster in the 1970's. These new homes will also be built in a suburban set-up where families will not be able to bring their sheep herds. They are also unfamiliar with electricity, paying taxes, mortgage and utilities. Since the majority have made their living from sheep, they will not be having a steady income. Many who have relocated have already lost their homes. **Since August 1997, those who did not sign the agreement say a new form of harassment has begun.**

Agents from the BIA (Bureau of Indian Affairs) have begun to rigidly enforce livestock quotas. Sheep form the backbone of Dine' culture and economy. However the lease restricts the number of livestock leaving Dine' families below subsistence levels—wool from the sheep is weaved to make blankets which sell between \$500-2,500. Sheep meat is also a staple of the Navajo diet.

In the last 2 years there has been an increase in livestock impoundment. To retrieve a sheep out of impoundment can cost more than \$100, more than it's value at market. Often livestock is taken from

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by Tyler Carey

Impounded cars for first offense drunk driving? Death sentence for shop lifting? Forced labor for prostitution? It's getting real, quick, folks. None of these are productive, 'good' aspects of society, sure, but are these penalties representative of the direction our nation is taking?

Effective January 1, 1999, New York City began impounding the cars of drivers arrested with excessive blood-alcohol levels. Sounds harsh, but fair enough—drunk drivers kill. Period. Then New York started getting wacky. People are buying less alcohol with dinners out, causing potential fiscal difficulties for bistros and fancy restaurants which make more money off the their customers' boozing than they do off their eating. Restaurants, including those who had helped finance and support Giuliani's mayoral campaigns, are protesting the measure that so far has been responsible for 27 cars being impounded. The mayor, however, seems to feel it is a logical measure—one following in the same logic as clearing the porn out of Times Square, the dealers out of Washington Square Park, and the Middle Class out of the Upper East Side. On the surface, these may all seem to be fair ideas to Mr. and Mrs. Amurrica. In practicality, New York is losing its tough-town character in its attempts to develop moral character.

This is all a microscopic example of what is happening on a

Rudy Giuliani and the State of the Nation

large-scale to the country. On March 4, the U.S. imposed trade sanctions on the European Economic Union for failure to trade on an equal footing with the U.S. To Mr. and Mrs. Amurrica, again, this may seem harsh, but fair. The economic squabble underneath this, though, was juvenile. Fruit companies, including the Dole Food Company and Chiquita Brands International, lobbied the government regarding Europe's declining purchase of bananas from them. As an aside, these corporations are the middlemen between non-U.S. fruit growers and both domestic and international markets. This, coupled with a U.S.-European squabble over national legislations regarding the make and model of airplanes that may land in international airports, sparked massive sanctions against Europe. 100% tariffs were placed on specific imported luxury goods. Threats were also made that if older U.S. planes were prevented from landing in certain European airports that the Concorde and perhaps other British Airways and Air France flights may be prevented from landing in Kennedy Airport and other U.S. international airports. A friend of mine referred to these blatantly false threats as gigantic prick-waving. All of this comes within the week after long-time U.S. trading partner China was chastised by Secretary of State Madeleine Albright for its incessant and unapologetic violations of human rights. Conveniently, the day previous to that, President Clinton returned from

Mexico with a shit-eating grin, having just reinforced trade and labor policies with our NAFTA friend to the south.

Okay, so the New York Times and Associated Press have spoken. What does this mean to me, right? Without trying to seem like a politically-correct-brow-beating-cause-head, I'm trying to emphasize from the economic events of the past two weeks (nee, at printing, three weeks) that **the U.S. on a large level, and New York City on a smaller level, are fencing themselves into an increasingly smaller, cleaner, crime-free ultra-conservative world.** The government has used the excuses of human rights violations and unfair trade practices to cut off what they saw as long-time millstones around our national neck. Through this, the U.S. has simultaneously attempted to appease both the left and the right. The left by 'taking on human rights violations', and the right by 'promoting Amurrican goods' (Amurrican, even if they're produced with Mexican labor under the aegis of American corporations). Instead, what the Clinton administration has done is alienated both sides of the fence. The right will be pissed that long-time trading

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Hit in the Balls With Bob Saget

by Mathew Lauritsen

Voyeurism has come to dominate that which constitutes entertainment in America. As though the horrible auto-crashes, emotional disasters, peculiar perversions and lascivious liaisons of other people might briefly stave off the futile monotony of the average life, television viewers, movie-goers and radio listeners consistently tune in.

Sure, watching the drunk man attempt to cross eight lanes of interstate traffic has its certain magnetism; but one cannot help but hear the words of Homer Simpson is response— "It's funny cuz I don't know him!"

When the high school freshman catches a glimpse of the sophomore's breasts as per the view down her blouse, it is a harmless feature of adolescence. When two million citizens congregate in front of one million televisions in order to see a man get smacked in the testicles, or a dog catch a football, or a man catch a football in the testicles, or a dog catch a man by the testicles, or a man catch a dog with a football, it signifies an adolescent society.

Entertainment should, in order to be more than just whatever happened to be caught on video tape in the past week, be the product of a specific intent. Every time Bob Saget humiliates himself by calling the play by play on another freak golfing accident, another writer for "Cheers" or "Mash" passes on to the great land of creative genius in the sky.

What gives me such right to so high a

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partners in Europe were brushed aside over bananas and American planes that they largely had avoided purchasing for decades. The left will become furious over the exploitation of Mexican labor for presumably lower wages to produce 'American' goods. Bill Clinton and his Herr Goebbels look-alike, Madeleine Albright, have painted themselves and their all-too-important legacies into a corner. You can't please all of the people all of the time, but apparently they've proved that the ad-



horse? In reality, my horse isn't so high. In fact, it is a mole hill in comparison to the critical views of thirty years ago. But just like everyone believes Ali could kick Tyson's ass six out of seven days, I believe the box offices just aren't what they used to be.

The Locke Ness monster could be real for all I care; the thing that embarrasses humanity is that probably thirty full-length exposes have been thrown together on the subject. Between the alarmists who propagate the terrifying mysteries of what won't be honestly explained by the devils responsible for "Sightings" and the voyeurs who chant Jerry Springer's name every time some fat woman manages to rip the fishnet stocking some other fat woman managed to force upon her stubby legs, the fate of calculated comedy and cinematic wit becomes a little more tragic.

When Hampshire students decide The Weather Channel is more enriching than The Learning Channel, channel thirteen (for those of you who have paid attention) it adds a still more depressing element to the mix. Hampsters do not want The Weather Channel so that they can prepare their outdoor excursion with more information; they want information about the current climate because it saves them the trouble of opening the curtains to the lounge.

The best way to kick a video dependency is to watch television with the volume turned down. When people are forced to converse with one another, crazy things can happen. People get laid. Forest fires get planned. Perpetual motion machines are postulated. I'm not asking Americans to put down their bongos; I only ask that they turn down the television while they spark them.

administration can largely keep the masses disappointed with the entire governmental process—the opportunistic Democrats, the stubbornly short-sighted Republicans, and the Independents, who are drowning before they had a chance. All the parliamentary business is nonsense.

A sensible bumper-sticker I saw the other day stated it clearly, "Bill Clinton is the Best Republican President We've Had in Years."

A Farewell to Assholes

by Wade Stuckwisch

Hi. You may remember me from such *Omen* articles as, "I Was Too Drunk To Review The Movie, But I Did Anyway," and "No Sex is Better Than Bad Sex." Before I get to the "Cinema Blasé" duties for this week, I'd like to bitch about issues pertinent to the Hampshire community.

First, let's talk about a student publication called the *Omen*. That's right, the *Omen*, not the *Forward*. I'll get to them. Ever since the *Forward* unveiled its "new format" this semester, the *Omen* has been filled with warranted and unwarranted attacks on the *Forward*. On the surface this may seem to be the usual patented *Omen* drive to offend all authority. But deep down, it seems to me like certain elements of the *Omen* have gotten it into their heads that the *Omen* has a need to make itself out to be "better" than the *Forward*, and are now carrying out some kind of personal vendetta against "the competition." Bollocks to that! If anything, the *Omen* should be trying to be worse than the friggin' *Forward*. Why the fuck do you people keep sending us serious political commentary or serious personal criticism? Give it to the goddam *Forward*—or are you too busy with these kamikaze attacks on our "competing" publication? I don't know about you, but one of the reasons I came to Hampshire was to get away from competition. As my man Civ said (in his hip Gorilla Biscuits days), "Competition has its way of bringing you down." Anyone who is trying to make the *Omen* better than the *Forward* is

only destroying the *Omen*. If you're so worried about the quality of student journalism on campus, swallow your idiot high-school-honor-roll pride and work for the *Forward*—leave the *Omen* alone! This silly imaginary war has gotten so bad that it's degraded to personal attacks against the editor of the *Forward*. I came to Hampshire to get away from small-minded high school bullies, too. **In short, the terms "The Omen" and "journalistic integrity" should never be mentioned without a prefix such as "lack of," "Fuck," or "Great fat, hairy balls to."** I think we should add that to the Policy Box.

Now on to the *Forward*. Recently I completed another unsuccessful run for Community Council, thank you, thank you. As a candidate, many of the things I heard people discussing were things like lack of student knowledge about the workings of Community Council, issues with Dr. Bob and Student Affairs (the Super 16 hate him—it's a pity they don't tell us why), etc. Obviously, there is news on campus—and that kind of news should be getting published by the *Forward*. I think the whole "personal biography" angle the *Forward* has taken is all right, but not when there is a desperate need for the dissemination of important campus news and issues by a student publication. Worse yet, the loudest, most dedi-

cated, eloquent writers on campus are busy complaining about the *Forward* in the *Omen*, instead of, say, WRITING DECENT MATERIAL FOR THE GODDAMN CAMPUS NEWSPAPER, INSTEAD OF THE CAMPUS HATE PAPER. Thank you.

On to another important issue on campus—men with girlish butts. What the hell is up with that? Somehow on this campus there are a glut of men with large, round behinds, similar to those more commonly found on women who "got back." This problem also seems to somehow be more common to the gamer set. Possibly this phenomenon could be attributed to the proliferation of tight jeans in certain sects in the college, but the issue still mystifies me. For all I know I could be one of these men myself, as I have no way of examining my own ass. All I know is that I am very disturbed whenever I see an individual from a long distance and think, "Who is that really ugly woman with the phat booty?" Don't deny that you've done it.

And what's up with all these "North Face" winter coats? It's not that I have a problem with it, I'm just curious. I've never really thought of Hampshire as a label-whore sort of campus. I didn't even know what Ambergrombie & Fitch was until my friend at Syracuse mentioned that all the White Caps at SU were wearing the shit. Suddenly winter hits and all three major fashion groups on campus (urban hipster, indie-rock hipster, total geek) and everyone in between have "North Face" emblazoned across big puffy coats. Big puffy coats I can understand, but

continued on next page

Stand by Your Films

by Tom O'Connor

I liked *Varsity Blues*. I'm announcing this to the Hampshire Community because I am that kid at the dinner table who shuts up when his friends talk about *Happiness*. I am that kid who can't wait to see *Cruel Intentions*.

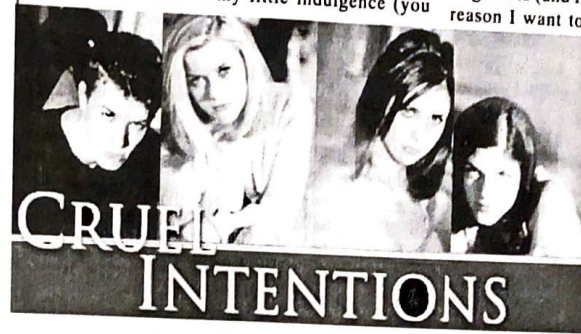
See, I was thinking to myself today that I wasn't ashamed of liking *I Know What You Did Last Summer* until I came here. I would talk about that movie with my friends back home (Sarah Michelle Gellar usually being the focus of the conversation), and not think twice. **But now I am here at Hampshire College, and I close my mouth whenever my friends talk about movies I couldn't give two shits about.** I know only one person who shares in my little indulgence (you

know who you are, but since I know you would prefer that I don't broadcast your name, I will simply call you "Neve"). See, Neve and I are both going to see *Cruel Intentions* opening night. There is no reason Neve and I should be ashamed of liking these films. From now on, I'm going to be more vocal about the movies I know and love. I only hope that Neve and others like her join me in my cause.

And guess what, Hampshire? I can't wait to see *Cruel Intentions*! I like Sarah Michelle Gellar, Ryan Phillippe, and Joshua Jackson! I thought *Pi* and *Shine* were weird, I have no desire at all to see *Life is Beautiful* or *The Thin Red Line*, I hated *As Good As It Gets*, and I think Geoffrey Rush's performance in *Shakespeare in Love* isn't Oscar worthy! I'm excited about the *South Park* movie, I don't know who Roberto Benigni is (and frankly, I don't care), and the only reason I want to see *Elizabeth* is because I'm a

history buff! I am dying to see *Can't Hardly Wait*, and I even liked *Hope Floats* for Christ's sake!

And now to close this article in one fell "Fuck you" to all of the kids here who think movies I like are trash—I'm excited that Mariah Carey is in the process of filming two movies (one of which co-stars Chris O'Donnell).



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why all the same brand? My only theory is that all these people are from some place without winter, and they all walked into an outdoors shoppe before leaving for school in August and said, "Gimme what they took to Everest." I'm not really complaining, I just find it odd.

Lastly, I wish to make an announcement. I, Wade Stuckwisch, am retiring from the *Omen*. Basically, I have lost the desire to take out all my sadomas-

ochistic frustrations on the Hampshire community in print. I'm sick of being an identifiable individual. It makes me feel unloved. I want to be a part of the faceless, consumable masses again.

First of all, I would like to clarify that my retirement would in no way preclude my coming back out of retirement, in the same manner as great men like Michael Jordan, Richard Nixon, and "Hollywood" Hulk Hogan. Second, my retirement is constituent on being

able to see the movie *Rushmore* and review it for the last "Cinema Blasé." Third, my retirement would not mean that I will not make every effort to continue to piss off specific people, especially the person/people who sent me one of my other *Omen* articles earlier this year with "your stigma is showing" written on it in red marker. You think I didn't know? By the way, guys: (in case you're not done ripping this article out and marking it up) bite my



Dr. Wilder's on Vacation, Suckah

by Jason Wilder Konschak

Millville is a town in a swamp. Carl Sandburg wrote about its fish-eyed children, educated only to scrape survival off of factory floors, and thanks to him, Webster's Dictionary now says: "Millville (mil-vil), n. a city in S New Jersey. (1960)." It's where I used to live; where I learned how stupid people can be when it comes to writing; where I was editor-in-chief of the school literary magazine; where I saw what happens to freedom of speech when it's not valued or respected.

The magazine I oversaw was composed of student submissions, as well as assignments selected by teachers. The magazine was printed with 12 numbered divisions. Division 7 was satire. It was labeled "7," with nothing more. All of the satires printed there were given to us by an AP English teacher, samples from his favorite yearly assignment.

First in this section was an essay, called "A Modest Disposal," suggesting that Kindergarten be replaced by watching *South Park*. The next (mine) mocked *Star Trek*'s plugging of ethnic groups into the Captain's seat, as "affirmative action." I suggested expanding this policy. Maybe a dyslexic captain. Maybe an albino. Maybe a dolphin for animal rights. I waxed offensive.

Nevertheless, what finally grabbed fire wasn't my article, but an essay about public-nudity, which proposed nakedness as a solution to dress-code disputes. To support the

idea, it celebrated the possible "benefit" of physical appearance growing more important, since dressing well would no longer allow anyone to disguise a fat, ugly body.

Note: satires are sarcastic.

Within hours of distribution, people who thought they were fat or ugly, or thought their friends were fat or ugly, formed a appreciable mob. They hunted down the meek author, and they flung copies of the magazine at her. They stoned her. They stoned her until she was a crying ball, huddled on the cafeteria floor.

This was business-as-usual, where I used to live.

And, what's more, review the appalling results. (1) A public apology performed by the author and the staff; (2) a ruling to never print "controversial works" that "might be taken as offensive" in future magazines; and (3) to the teacher, a requirement to no longer "accept satires on controversial topics." Think for a moment about satire. Think for a moment about making one that's not controversial. Figure that one out.

In my hometown, this kind of baloney was indeed business-as-usual, simply because Millville neither valued nor respected freedom of speech. Now I live at Hampshire College, and perhaps because of my disgruntled past, one thing I particularly love about my new home is the *Omen*. I believe that the *Omen* is a vital part of this "experimenting liberal arts college," and should be given a great deal more respect than

it is.

The *Omen* is regularly bashed. It's called bitter, incoherent, and useless. It's criticized for not reporting "real news." It's habitually torn down by students. I overhear and participate in conversations scolding the *Omen* all the time, and I think it's time that someone defended it for a change. So that's what I'm doing.

The other day, I went into the Dakin House Office to vote for our community council representative. While there, I met students discussing their votes. Stopping to listen, I heard one particularly loud individual declare, "Don't vote for Blah-blah-blah-blah." People asked him why he was so against Blah-blah-blah-blah. "Because Blah-blah-blah-blah writes for the *Omen*," he replied. "I wouldn't vote for anyone who writes for the *Omen*."

Frighteningly enough, people nodded in agreement.

How can this be? How is this "experimenting," "liberal," "idealistic" college be populated by students willing to have their vote swayed, not by what someone had written, but where he or she had chosen to publish it? How could a Hampshire student tear down the *Omen* in such an absurd way?

It's true that I came to this college because I thought tearing down the world was a good way to start making things better. But keep in mind the world I came from. It's also true that I hoped to find other people willing to tear down old

structures, willing to make new ones. But what I keep finding, instead, are people who like tearing things down, just because they like tearing things down. Forget being constructive.

Tearing down the *Omen* is asinine. It's tearing down something without structure. It's tearing down fellow students and their most open venue for expression in an accessible, popular manner. It's tearing down something that's not standing in the way of making things better. In fact, it's tearing down a very good tool to start making things better.

The truth is, the weaknesses of the *Omen* bother me just as much, if not more, than anyone else on campus. So, to fix that, I write my part every two weeks, trying to be lighthearted and fun, because that's what I think the *Omen* needs. In addition, in everyday life, I try to influence my friends to write their thoughts. But it appears that everyone wants to change the *Omen*, and it's clear that everyone has the power to change it, yet the *Omen* always scrapes to pull together 23 pages, every single issue. Where are the writers?

Indeed, as an open forum, the *Omen* can never be perfect. The fact is, I can't defend the *Omen* on its tendency toward bitterness, or its occasional incoherence. (After all, I was the author of the Mad-Lib mocking the staffs' formulaic Section Hate pieces.) But, the *Omen* is primarily a policy: its content is beyond its control. And, besides, while those weak articles exist, in every issue there's at least one clever satire, and one well-thought-out article. There's always something worthwhile.

Of course, some say that the *Omen* fails not because of style or attitude problems, but because it doesn't report "real news." Without

mentioning that this isn't the *Omen*'s duty, let's look at some topics it's recently covered. We have the mental health of students, the quality of certain professors, life during Jan Term, the change of editors at the *Forward*, our school president, our school policies, student employment problems, the elusive community center, recent films, snow problems, closing of the Dakin garbage shoots: These certainly look like campus news to me.

When looking honestly, one can see that the *Omen* covers "real news" in exactly the way it sets out to, through personal opinion and comical commentary. It seems that, if the *Forward* wants to know what really concerns Hampshire students (so it can do its job of reporting the facts) the *Forward* should read the *Omen* a little more closely.

There are only so many writing formats and genres that one can publish. Some of these forums are standard to any traditional college. First of all, there's always the traditional Official Campus Newspaper. Ours is currently the *Forward*, supported by the college with its paid staff positions. It's a place for seeking out facts and hard news. (Unfortunately, instead of following this format, the *Forward*'s tended toward an editorial style that not only defies its charter, but intrudes on the *Omen*'s.)

Second, there is the traditional literary magazine. There has been an effort to generate a regular Literary Magazine, the *Polylingus*, where serious artistic works (short-stories, poems, artwork) can be displayed. (Catharine Bell-Wetteroth

has been sending frequent e-mails about to those of us on their mailing list. If you want to get involved, send submissions to boxes 315, 812, or 568.)

Third, we have a traditional Academic Journal on the horizon. Mat Lauritson and Josh Snyder have been planning a Hampshire Academic Journal, where serious class papers can be published. (It's only in the early stages of development, which means it's the best time to get involved. Call Mat at x4873.)

And then, finally, there's the *Omen*, with its open submission, no-edit policy. It's a place for opinion, satire, and quirky writing that fits no where else. It is a place for the oddball works and the outspoken opinions that Hampshire is proud to produce. The *Omen* has something unique, something experimenting, something a little daring, something altogether Hampshire, in its format.

In the end, the *Omen* is free speech. If you're motivated enough to write and submit, then you'll be published. To be on the staff, you simply need to write regularly and attend meetings, and nothing more. Anyone can speak. And that says something. That says that we're not afraid to listen to what people, any people, might have to say; that Hampshire's not afraid to fund the thoughts of its students.

All considered, it says that, unlike where I used to live, where I live now appreciates freedom of speech. Hampshire's *Omen* isn't afraid to offend people. It's not going to require us to make public apologies. It's not going to ban controversial works. The *Omen* proves, at least in its own little way, that this campus is still about free thinking. And I sincerely believe that's something valuable and deserving of respect.



by Michael "Benni" Pierce

In "Part One: The Cloak," our member of the Anti-Petrarchan poetry club, Brendan, accidentally killed an old store owner to keep a cloak that he would not sell from his shop (Superunknowns). Six days later, back on Hampshire's campus, Brendan then burns (in a waffle iron) the hand of a fellow student who had been ridiculing him about wearing the cloak. Seeing no where to go, Brendan escaped to the Yurt.

Surprisingly, Brendan found the Yurt's door open. He rushed inside, knowing that no one could get him in there. He was safe. The Yurt would swallow and protect him. There was nothing that could get to him while he was there.

"Brendan stayed there for the rest of the day, skipping dinner and 'Midnight Breakfast.' Knowing that if he left, he would be hunted like Frankenstein, Brendan tucked himself deep inside of his cloak, and slept there. Tomorrow was another day, and it would be nothing like the one that

The Waffle King

Part Two: The Yurt

had just occurred.

"A knock on the Yurt's door awoke Brendan the next morning. It was one of the faculty members of Hampshire College, probably sent to take him to health services. He would have to resist. As the door opened, the faculty member (a one Mr. Beinhorn) entered and locked eyes with the youth immediately. Brendan saw the fear lurking in the man's eyes however, and lashed out at him with his fists, screaming, 'Get out of here! This is no longer the property of Hampshire College! This is my home now ... and no one is invited in except for the Anti-Petrarchan poetry club.'

"Brendan, get a hold of yourself! The Anti-Petrarchan poetry society was disbanded for lack of funds. You aren't safe staying here any longer. Let me take you to a place where you can be helped.' Astounded by Beinhorn's harsh words, Brendan jumped at the man, and scared him back out

into the cold. Then, he slammed the Yurt's door on the faculty member's face, never to open it again.

"During the next two days, there were multiple attempts made to rescue the boy from the inner confines of the Yurt. However, extreme measures were never taken in order to ensure the boy's safety. He was obviously suffering from the effects of some hallucinatory drug. Soon enough, it would wear off, or he would wear out. In either case, they could get to him then—it was just a matter of waiting.

"A week had soon passed since the incident at 'Superunknowns.' Brendan still housed himself in the Yurt, growing steadily more exhausted and starved. He would have to leave soon. He would have no choice, less he let himself die there. The sun was once again going down behind the horizon line. This would have been the normal meeting time for the Anti-Petrarchan poetry group, but alas, they would not meet together, ever again.

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"Suddenly, there was a knock on the Yurt's door. Brendan jumped up, prepared to attack another school official. He screamed out, 'Who are you? What do you want? I am not leaving the Yurt, nor shall I ever leave it again. If you continue to —'

"Brendan ... it's me, Susanna. May I come in?' Brendan stopped ranting for a second as the human half of him came to life again. Susanna Murphy had been a part of the poetry club. She was the most elegant of the group (being the only girl), and had drawn Brendan's attention from day one.

"Hello Susanna ... what brings you here? I heard that the group was disbanded due to loss

of funds ... not that we had much money in the first place ... There was a short period of silence.

"Yes Brendan. We could not continue the club based on the money the college offered us. But I'm not here about that. I'm here because I am concerned about you."

"About me?' he whimpered, 'What about me?' Again, there was a short period of silence.

"I was worried about you. There have been reports across campus everyday about your condition. Some had even said that you committed suicide. I was worried and came to see if I could ... help you.' Brendan blinked three times. He blinked again for good measure. Susanna was worried about him? She seemed to barely notice him at the

meetings. "How do I know that this isn't a trap? How do I know that the school didn't put you up to this?' Brendan asked, leaning up against the door now. 'I'm afraid that I don't know how to prove to you that I'm not with them. All I can do is give you my word. Please, open the door. Let me inside. I brought you some waffles.'

"Brendan's stomach toppled over itself in anguish. The waffles sounded delicious. Even if she were with the school, at least he would be able to get food out of it. He stepped away from the door, and let it creak open. There, alone, stood Susanna, wearing her most beautiful cranberry jacket, smiling nervously, with a pile of waffles in her hands.

Being Nice Sucks Ass

by Jen Peña

It's ok to be filled with hatred because people suck. And if you are a good person, watch out, for you will be someone's bi—atch soon. If you smile, if you lend money, if you have ever sent flowers or given gifts for the pure intent of being a thoughtful person, expect everyone to question your motives. "Here is a lovely beef-shank for you to enjoy," I say. "Woah back up, you silly girl. I find you repulsive, and I don't want your kindness. Besides, I am full of assumptions, so I have to say that I'm 'involved' with someone 'better' because I know that you are only after my affection." Don't flatter yourself, Mormon, I'm just trying to be nice.

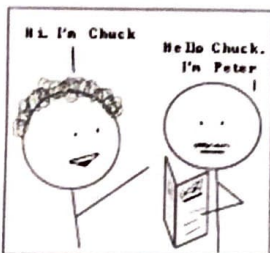
But please feel free to scoff at my generosity; it's funny when people are good for no apparent reason. Like Mother Theresa for example. Ha ha ha, now that's comedy.

People here base their lives on bullshit. Hampshire itself is an institution based on nothing, and draws an interesting crowd. People are quick to spray their intellectual spooze on everyone within a three-mile radius. You know who I'm talking about. The kid in your NS class who has nothing to

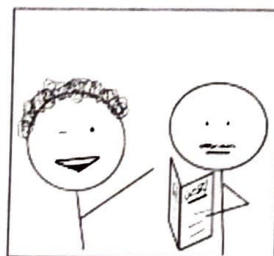
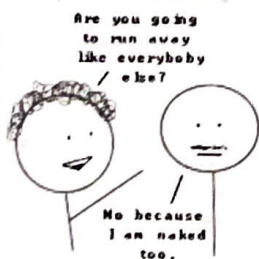
say... and says it all the time. He is the self-proclaimed "King Of Deep Thought" who is still struggling with his self-esteem. This is the same prick that will watch you get drunk at a party and assume that you are unintelligent, unambitious, and foolish. For the record let me say this: "I'm sorry that you are so pathetic, but I'm not going to stop my fun because you and your friends think you know exactly what I am after. When I get off this sinking ship, I'll return to the real world with my sanity and good intentions, while you are stuck here pretending to be smart. Someday I will have the means to own your pseudointellectual ass and I'll let you keep it because I'm so nice."

To all those who think they know everyone's deep-seeded intentions, you will soon see that a) You don't know anything, and b) If you do know something it's probably wrong or none of your business anyway. Just because you've read lots of books doesn't mean that you know anything important. And just because you've played petty games all of your life doesn't mean that everyone does. Do the nice people a big favor and never go out in public; that way we can go about our business without the fear of being screwed.

CHUCK IS NAKED



by Caleb Chabot and Doug M.



Ficom Explained:

by Travis Dale

It's come to my attention that a very large majority of students on this campus know very little about what the Ficom (the Finance Subcommittee of Community Council) is and does. Peter Kowalke notified the community of this fact in his last Editorial for *The Forward*, when he wrote "Some students didn't even know that the student-run Ficom allocates a tiny portion of their tuition each semester to help support student groups." This statement itself is a bit misleading. Quite a few of the candidates who ran for Community Council this semester ran on the platform of "I don't know what's going on, and neither does anyone else at this school, so I'm going to find out and let you know." **Students often complain about a lack of information and communication concerning everything at this school**, and this is a big problem especially in regards to Ficom, which is responsible for the management of a large chunk of student money, and thus has a large impact on student life at Hampshire.

Community Council controls the Student Activities Fee, which is paid every semester by every student and is very separate from tuition. The SAF is set by Community Council and approved by the Trustees. Currently the SAF is set at \$129; next semester it will rise to \$133. Additionally, following a referendum passed by the entire student body in the Spring of 1998, a separate \$25 will be charged to each student each semester which will be deposited into the Commu-

nity Center Endowment, to be used for the maintenance of a Community Center, if and when it is ever built.

Ficom is the subcommittee which keeps track of this money, and which is directly accountable to Community Council. The Ficom Chair is elected each year by Council, and the budget that is prepared by Ficom each semester must be ratified by Council. This includes both the Established Group Funding Cycle and the New Group Funding Cycle. While Ficom is responsible for allocating SAF money to

Abbreviated Council Budget Spring 1999	
Est. Group Funding	\$89,161
New Group Funding (including The Reader)	\$33,500
running total	\$92,511
Five House Funding	\$14,000
COCA	\$15,880
Counselor Advocates	\$1,500
HCEMS (EMTs)	\$2,000
running total	\$125,891
Fine Arts Center Fee	\$3,210
Stipended Positions	\$3,550
Other Council Expenses	\$1,000
total	\$133,651
Total Income	\$138,030
Total Expenses	\$133,651
Balance	\$4,379

student groups, and these amounts are decided on by Ficom during the funding cycles. Community Council itself is ultimately responsible for these decisions, and may change the budget before it is ratified.

Membership for Ficom consists currently of the Ficom Chair, the Bookkeeper (me), the Council Chair, a former Ficom Chair, 2 Council members, a Council alternate, and 2 at-large student members. Members of Ficom are all students, which makes sense, be-

cause it is student money that Ficom has control over. However, Community Council has the final say in all matters delegated to Ficom, and Council is a body comprised of 12 students, 5 faculty, and 5 staff members (though current membership is only 11 students, 2 faculty, and 2 staff). To become a voting member on Ficom, a student need only attend 3 meetings and request to be voted in as a member by Ficom.

Council's income is usually somewhere around \$140,000 a semester, depending on how many students there are. Currently there are 1070 enrolled students (this number may not be accurate), which puts Council's Spring income at \$138,030. From this total, \$89,161 was allocated to 57 established groups, \$965 was allocated to 12 new groups, and The Reader, which was funded during the new group cycle under special consideration because it had been active in the past, received \$2,385. This gives us a total of \$92,511 out of the total \$138,030 that was allocated to student groups. In addition to these student groups, Council also funds the House Intern Budgets for \$3,500 each (total of \$14,000), the Counselor Advocates for \$1,500, and the EMT program for \$2,000. COCA, the Council Subcommittee responsible for campus activities, (most notably Halloween and the upcoming Spring Festival) received \$15,880 from Council this semester, which is, according to Dean Sanborn, "the best-spent money on campus."

Other large Council expenses are the PVTA bus fee (those buses really aren't free after all), which is paid in the fall and, this year, amounted to \$11,924 (it comes out to about \$10.50 per student); the

UMass Fine Arts Center Fee, which is \$3 per student and totalled to \$3,210; the Frogbook, another \$500 per semester; and stipends for Council Officers and Subcommittee Chairs. There are 10 positions on Council which receive stipends, totaling \$3,550 per semester.

There are also unplanned for expenses every semester. When Kofi Annan spoke at Hampshire last semester, Council contributed \$2,500 towards the gift that was given to him. The Economic Justice Conference that happened last weekend was given \$250 directly by Ficom.

Still, Ficom's most prominent role is as the agent that allocates and distributes money to student groups, and processes their paperwork. Over 200 students at Hampshire are signers for student groups, and countless more are involved as members of those groups, as attendees at student group events, readers of the Council-funded publications, etc... The allocation and use of SAF money has the most direct effect on student life, and indeed many people see it as Council's only visible or worthwhile activity.

The Established Group Funding Cycle, which happens at the end of every semester, is when Ficom distributes the bulk of its funds. Ficom does not allocate money willy-nilly as it sees fit, and student groups do not get a constant amount each semester. During each funding cycle, each student group must turn in a copy of their charter, an itemized budget showing what they've spent in the past, and an

itemized request for new funds. This semester, in the vast majority of cases, established groups received all or nearly all of what they asked for. When significant cuts were made, it was not because Ficom was mean or stingy, but usually because a group asked for funding for things that Ficom can't or won't fund, or because a group had not spent much of its budget from last semester, and still had a lot left over.

To give you a better idea of where your Student Activities Fee is going, the biggest spenders are Sports Co-op (\$12,625), the James Baldwin Scholars (\$6,650), Umoja (\$5,800), Theatre Board (\$5,000), Human Rights (\$4,035), HIP (\$4,000), the Forward (\$4,000), the Omen (\$3,619), and the Negative Space Cafe (\$3,470). Other groups include Infinity/Intran (\$2,400), Student Action (\$1,670), the World Wrestling Collective (\$1,230), the Enfield Greenhouse (\$1,125), Stage Combat (\$550), Community Garden (\$300), the Swing Collective (\$250), and Improv Comedy (\$100). Of course, there are many more. The full list is posted by the Council Office after the funding cycles.

During new group funding this semester, 18 groups requested a total of \$4,390 (not counting The Reader). Obviously, because Ficom only budgets \$1000 for new group funding, some cuts had to be made, which frustrated quite a few people. Most new groups, if they were funded, got about \$50 to \$75 out of the \$250 that they requested. For many groups, this low amount stifles any plans of putting on events this semester. However, a common reason for cutting funding from these new groups was that the money for these types of events and

activities already exists and is not being spent.

For example, from the \$3,500 that was allocated to House Intern budgets in the fall, on average only \$1,200 was spent, leaving the House Interns with \$2,300 in addition to the \$3,500 allocated for the spring. Currently, most House Intern budgets still have over \$5,000 left in them. Interns are more than happy to help out financially with events and programming; new and established groups both should look to them for co-sponsorship of activities.

Other student groups that still have a lot of money left are other good places to look for additional funding. The Leadership Center gives out money every semester in several Special Activities funding cycles. The Student Affairs Office and the President's Office both help with events on campus. COCA accepts proposals on a regular basis for extra funding for campus-wide activities and events, and has quite a bit of money set aside for funding other people's projects.

If you have any questions or comments, drop by the Council Office, or call x3153. In addition to being the Ficom Bookkeeper, I'm also the Community Council Secretary, and will gladly assist with Ficom- or Council-related questions.

Ficom meetings are Wednesdays at 6:30PM in the Council Office, and are open to the public. Community Council meetings are every second and fourth Tuesdays of the month at 3:30pm in the FPH faculty lounge, and all community members are encouraged to attend as well. It's your money and your community, so you're ultimately responsible for it.

The Omen, The Forward: Dr. Bob's Worst Nightmare

by Peter "Prez" Kowalko

When did animosity first spawn between the *Omen* and the *Forward*? I ask that question because the feud between publications has absolutely no basis for existing. The *Forward* and the *Omen* are not rivals; both publications are free for the public and available to all. If a student is inclined, they can pick up and read both publications; I've never heard of a situation where students have had to choose their favorite campus periodical.

If not competition, then the rivalry must be based on personal affront. As a transfer student, however, maybe I'm missing something: I don't recall the *Forward*, or its currently active staff, ever insulting or trying to injure the *Omen*. For my own part, I know that I don't hold malice towards the *Omen*. Sure, they've attacked us a bit. But, isn't a little prodding all in good fun?

Some would argue that the *Omen* was created to start rivalries and throw the campus on its ear. The *Omen* needs a rivalry and the *Forward* is the best target. That might be tenable, were it not for the fact that the *Omen* is older than our venerable campus newspaper. Before the *Forward* was in existence, the *Omen* was alive and kicking. What did it insult and chide in those bygone days? My guess would be that the *Omen* attacked and fought with the administration. Now a feud with the administration is something that I would like to see. Sure, we have Gus and her endless, posturing rants. That's not enough, however, we need to keep a constant eye on the administration and our community in general. One writer, albeit an experienced one, cannot fit the bill.

When Community Council fails to buy us the cappuccino machine

in SAGA and the administration is allowed to charge 50¢ per sheet of paper in the computer lab, that's when the *Omen* becomes really valuable as a publication. I can just imagine all of the energy directed at the respective cause. Oh, there would be Hell to pay. Are we in a lull period, then, a time when there is little to fight against? No, I think that we've just lost perspective. The news is still present on campus, the injustice. We have simply forgotten that the *Omen* can have an important function beyond public ridicule and mindless, pointless sarcasm. Our blinders are on and we're not paying attention. If you'll look around, Gus, even you are missing some really negative shit that is transpiring in the dark corridors of this campus.

That said, the feud between the *Forward* and the *Omen* is not only without basis, but also counterproductive. More than one person I've talked with has voiced the opinion that the *Omen* is too restrictive and banal. If you are going to write for the *Omen*, as the spirit goes, your work must be a sarcastic rant or irrelevant and/or irreverent parody. From my vantage point, that's where the feud becomes counterproductive; a vast segment of the campus is excluded on the basis of restriction. Sure, the *Omen* will print anything, just so long as the work is a rant or parody.

What about literary material? Hampshire is a creative campus, after all, and there are few places to submit fiction/poetry. Technically the *Omen* will print art, but in practice the artists are scared away by the various carrot-up-my-ass vendettas and wars, not least of which is the publications duel. Frankly, I'd like to see a revival of *Omen* as home to art. You have to admit: the creative writing gurus on campus are more or less screwed.

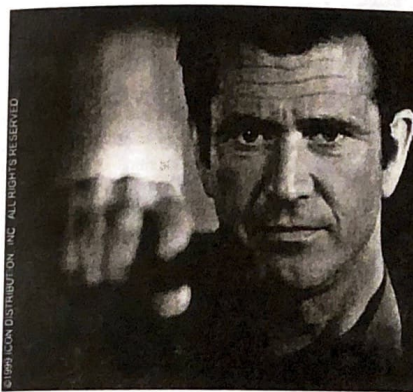
There is a place for both the *Omen* and the *Forward* alike, I think. It isn't a question of good publication or bad publication. It isn't a question of losing the fun when you stop fighting. There will still be fights (hopefully against the status quo and our loss of power as students). The only difference is that there will be art, too, and perhaps a little more diversity. (Just imagine what would happen if the *Omen* and the *Forward* became friends? I know that the idea is queer, almost unnatural.) I'm not recommending that the *Forward* or the *Omen* lay down their arms and become passive. I'd just like to see a unified student body, a redirection of fire. We could swap bullets, cover each other's back, provide honest criticism without being immediately discounted by the other... Naw, that would be too bizarre. After all, who the Hell do those artists think they are, anyway? The administration might get mad at us, too. Indeed, I've heard that Greg Prince loves the *Omen*. That, my friend, is the Goddamn truth.



Pimpin' Ain't Easy in Payback

by Wade Stuckwisch

So I saw this movie *Payback* the other day, and I have to say that it wasn't half bad. This movie is kind of like the old white guy's *Shaft*. They even shot it on some kind of really blue film stock and did the opening credits in red lettering so it would look like a '70s flick. If this movie was just Mel Gibson trying to be some kind of bad-ass action hero a la *Shaft*,



I would have had to laugh. But the cool thing about this movie is that **Mel Gibson plays the least likable, meanest, nastiest piece of work ever seen on screen. And he's the good guy.** I mean, the fact that this guy would smoke anybody to get back his 70 grand is nothing. The fact that he would leave three bucks on a \$2.98 cup of coffee—then take two cents out of another tip on the counter, then steal the waitress's cigs—that's inhuman! People with heavy moral scruples would probably cringe at this movie, but I have to admit that it was fun seeing anyone be as much of a complete bastard as ol' Mel in this flick. See if some time if you're interested.

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homes when no one is at home, which is against the law. It seems the BIA is trying to force these elders to relocate through whatever means possible.

"Everyone here talks about the 'American Dream', but we as indigenous people continue to have only nightmares" says Grace Yellowhammer, a resistor. The Dine' resistors point out that relocation is most favorable to Peabody Western Coal Company. Although Peabody denies that relocation of the traditional Dine' has anything to do with their strip-mining of the area. Meanwhile pollution from Peabody's coal-mining operation which lies 20 miles from Dine' homes, has affected the Dine' and Hopi tribal water supply. The strip mining operation uses 2,700 gallons of their tribal water supply per minute. Peabody claims the drought situation experienced by the Hopi and Dine' is due to tribal water use only.

Roberta Blackgoat, the chair of the Sovereign Dine' Nation state that those who continue to

resist are "political and religious prisoners". Members of the Dine' Nation state that the leases and relocation are morally repugnant to them. As Jackson Gibson, a Navajo, stated "It especially saddens me to see the elderly people who have lived there all their lives-and to see them faced with the decision to sign or not to sign".

So, is anyone upset yet? If you aren't don't worry there will be weekly installments to the *Omen* on this subject, so you have a while to get up off your apathetic butts and help out in a letter writing campaign! If the government can do this to the First Americans, everyone in this country has a right to fear for their freedom.

If I have revved you up enough, please contact me at jjbF95@hamp.hampshire.edu I have lots of addresses and more information. Please do what you can!



Jumpin' Jesus

by Jess VanScov

You bloody wankers don't know a good thing when you see it. Last Friday there was a concert in SAGA with five indie punk bands. OK, so SAGA isn't the perfect place to want to be on a Friday night, but the really fucking rad bands made up for it.

The event was advertised very poorly, though, and no one showed up. It was about me and a couple of other people from Hampshire...and then the bands. Some friends and I went around through Merrill and Dakin looking for people to show up. It didn't help worth shit. But it was fun just the same. I got the same blank stare from each of the people I said my schpeel to. You mother fuckers are open, too. I was just walking around and you didn't hide the fact that you were rolling a joint in the middle of the hallway. Which you shouldn't, but that's not the point. The point is: You should have gone to the show.

Now, I'm not that big of a punk fan, but my friend was putting on the show, and she dragged me there. The cost was something like \$3, which is pretty reasonable. I didn't pay, though, which was even more reasonable. The bands took forever to set up and the show didn't start until around 10. So, it was basically people waiting around and debating over whether they should leave because no one else was there.

Public Access went first. This a band from UMASS and Mt. Holyoke. I had met one of the lead singers beforehand and she seemed pretty cool. Knowing how much she put into this band...both work-wise and emotionally really made the show more worthwhile. They dedicated one song to all of the people who think the women's rights movement is

over....and ended up screaming something into the microphone that my friend and I could only decipher as "EAT PORK RIGHT NOW!!!" and "FUCK YOU FUCK YOU!!!" I can't help but dance to live music, either. **So, I just jumped around and did a couple of jumping jacks for effect. It was good, but it would have been even better if I hadn't been the only one dancing...**

Next up: The Instant Hits. Jessica needed some more beer, so she missed this band. Well, no, that's a blatant lie. I saw the beginning of their show. It was two girls—a guitarist and a drummer who were obviously nervous. One girl spells her name Dahnyell...so you know she's cool. (or just illiterate) But they were cute.

Beer takes effect as Lucky Tiger is starting to play. Now I actually liked this band. It's three girls who obviously know each other really well and work together as good as peanut butter and foreplay. (Ah—bite my ass...it's 4:01 in the fucking morning.). The drummer messed up a little bit, but it was all fine. She was actually just a last minute replacement for this one night because the real drummer couldn't be there. (Not to mention, I found out later that she was 14 years old! Which explains the crying afterwards in the bathroom...) I listened to their album tonight again so my judgment may be a little biased based on a prerecorded show...but they were entertaining. So there.

The Influence of Atmosphere

went on next. They were good. They used the feedback of the microphone for part of their music...and I have to admit, they made it sound like music. Jessica is still dancing at this point. And stupidly waving to acquaintances from classes. Oooh! And did I mention these kids are from Maine? So I have to be nice to them cause that's where I'm from. And this is the only band who has been together for only a couple of months...but they sounded better than a couple of the bands that played. Takes a close second to Lucky Tiger.

And lastly, there was Sea Tiger, who was the only band *paid* to do this. They are all instrumental, which would've been good, had all their songs NOT SOUNDED THE SAME. Even the police officer was shaking his head. I couldn't really get into this band. They did all the right things, but in the end I found myself sitting down for this one and watching this guy in the audience do all this funny shit. So, at least I got a laugh out of this band. The piano boy was cool, though, I'll give them that.

And so it ended. We cleaned up and then got the hell out of there to go get drunk with some of the band members. These people were super cool, down-to-earth-as-you-can-get-people. I had a lot of fun sitting around and just talking about random shit with them. If anything, I have to describe the drummer from the Influence of Atmosphere. This boy was such a nerd, but he captured you like no one else. He had on these big, plastic eyeglass frames (you know, the kind from the 80s) and Chucks. I'm impartial to boys in Chucks. And he had this nasal voice which he blared over the Fisher Price cassette player (yes, the one with a microphone for

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Why Should We Wonder About Peter?

An Opinion Article Based on Factual Research

by Dillon Markey

Dillon: What is the core of Peter Kowalke?
Peter: Well...it all comes down to love, and "the people."

Peter Kowalke's name is becoming a buzzword. He is almost constantly the subject of ridicule from everyone with an opinion. The plethora of crank phone calls to his room, insults directed at his intelligence and parents, and other low-blows all stem from one question: is Peter a shift, over-political hack, or is he just a little weird and generally harmless? I couldn't figure it out due to the lack of evidence provided by either campus publication; the *Omen's* perpetual bitching, and the strange, garbled mess of the *Forward* provided me with no facts, so I set out to experience Peter for myself.

I interviewed Peter two Saturday nights ago. I spent the entire evening in his room listening to him yammer about his good intentions. It was amazing and terrifying to be the first person to want to hear what he has to say before forming an opinion on him. Eager to "expound on [the questions]," he spoke at great length about his insatiable need to satisfy "the people," as he calls the readers of the *Forward*.

When asked what the color red signifies to him, Peter stumbled

for a moment and responded, "Well...red signifies the whine of a tape recorder—that's pretty much what I do with my life. I talk

with people, get a tape recorder and record everything they say. Then I sort of whip it together into a publication that represents them fairly accurately." This is a strange answer by any standards, but take the question into consideration and one finds that it makes no sense at all. This was the manner in which the entire interview was conducted; a question was asked and an answer was given to a different question.

The only answer that sounded completely sincere was his discussion of the book, *Awakening the Giant Within* by Anthony Robbins, one of the most moving pieces of literature he has come across. Peter claimed that this early 'self-help' book "really defined [him]." He found it on a whim; "I saw this gold book...I swear, it was, like, glowing there on the shelf...so I was like, 'Hell, let's go look at that.'" It is interesting to see how he "defines himself" through the book:

"The book says, basically, live your life with passion. It put things into perspective for me in that

you can achieve whatever you want to achieve if you apply yourself...It gives some visualization techniques, and said that the words you use can change your mood (instead of saying 'I'm angry,' say 'I'm disenchanted.')

This book had a huge impact on Peter's life and describes, to an extent, the way he actually loves. For example, he taught himself to read and write at the age of ten, four years before he read the book. There was a girl for whom he seemed to have a profound affection, and to whom he would often write. He learned to write through this romantic affair. Peter recalled a time when all written language was foreign to him, and always having literate people around to read him whatever he came across. At his first college he was elected English student of the year.

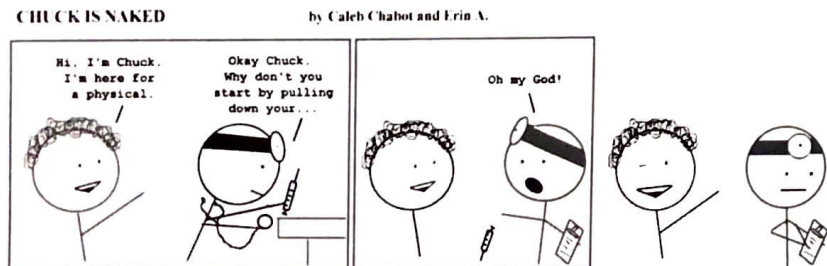
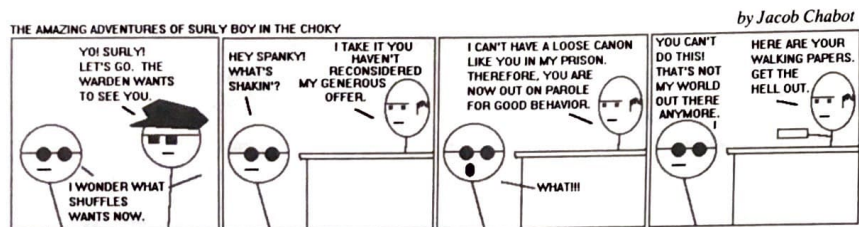
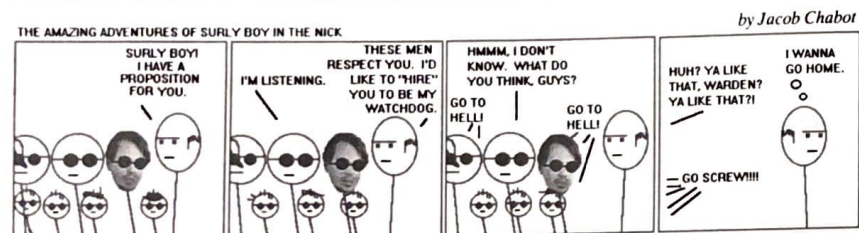
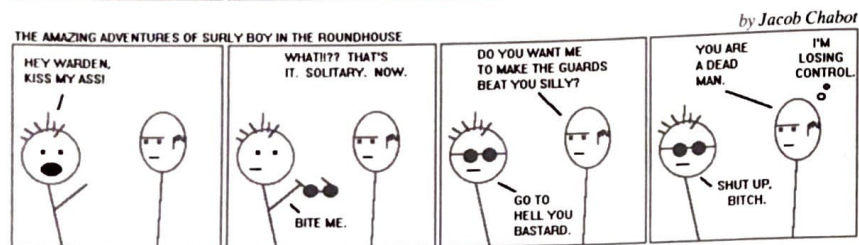
Peter is an interesting person and has done a lot of work to get where he is today. He started his entrepreneurial career when he was seven years old, doing odd jobs at his local high school to earn money for toys. He was home-schooled his whole life until 1996 when he began school at Lakeland College. He has even developed his own small private publishing company and kept a regular column in a magazine called *Home Education Magazine*.

Now, as the editor-in-chief of the *Forward*, he receives criticism that is uninformed and immature. There is no reason that people shouldn't attempt to understand him before judging him. He wanted to make it clear that he is almost always willing to talk and answer questions about himself or the *Forward*.

Wondering is acceptable, being confused is justifiable, but making assumptions and statements without any information is inexcusable.

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toddlers). He was quiet for a lot of the time, except for every once in awhile he would say something like "I played with GI Joes when I was little" to add in to the conversation. I don't know...he was just fun. And they traded their obscure references to bands. And talked about some guy named Eugene. And played me old-school Guns 'n Roses. And were really cool, all-American kids. So, I fell asleep after a good drunk filled with sweet, sweet music. That's our opinion. We welcome yours. (By the way, we want to make this happen again...so you better show up next time, spooge-heads. Get drunk and then come. It will be fun...guaranteed.)



Race Relations Ruckus

by Gareth Edel

I have been cautioned in the past that writing serious stuff for the *Omen* is a bad idea, and recently when mentioning the premise for this article, I was told that it was a really bad idea. This said, I am hoping both to offend no one and also to make people think about a part of Hampshire's community interaction not frequently discussed.

I am taking an anthropology class that requires the students to observe and write ethnographic notes on their home campus. I spent too long worried about it and did not work on it. What topic to do? My first reaction was to try to look at something like politics in administration or student groups like community council. I decided that I really wasn't interested in that. Then I noticed something which has become the tentative area of my observation.

I sat in Saga one day and realized that in the back room the tables were segregated. There were with two exceptions no students of color or of Asian extraction sitting with the tables of white students. I thought that it was interesting at the time. I would like to say that since then I have seen that day was an unusual day. I have not seen Saga look that way since then. With that out of the way, I will say that I think in four years (approximately) at Hampshire, I have never heard racial issues come into the public forum. There have been four exceptions.

First, when there were firings by the administration that seemed to many of us unjustified and which were centered on the student services that most directly affected students of color. Second, while I was on leave there was some idiotic idea in I think the Advocate that Hampshire had gangs. I missed most of this because I was on leave. But it ended up with a few strange comments sticking in my head, including at one point, a Latino friend suggesting that there was some subtle racism at work. The third time I heard discussions of race was during my time on a school of Natural Science search (hiring) committee during that time we discussed race as affirmative action because minority members of the school (including the women) felt they were under-repre-



sented. I am a big fan of affirmative action. In the end we hired a black woman. The most recent time I heard mention of racial issues was connected to discussions of special interest housing and funding for student support groups focused towards minority students. There seemed to be confusion among some students as to why there was a need for certain groups to have special rules applied to their funding and also for special rules concerning special interest housing. I tend to think of the housing issue as one that is simple. Being around people who come from a similar background or have had some similar experiences to you can be very supportive, especially when you are at a school where most of us are middle class white kids.

Contrary to my usual columns which ramble on bitterly about nothing I **hope that people do start to wonder about race on this campus.** I think that from my point of view there are weird dynamics here. I don't set myself outside the community dynamics, instead I ask you all to consider how to change them if they are bad. I am not a member of a minority. At least, I don't consider being a white/Jewish boy from a lower-middle class family who grew up in Queens NY anything that unusual. I am not underprivileged, nor have I ever experienced racism. I am not sure I would recognize it if it was directed towards me. This said, I grew up with mostly minority friends, and here at Hampshire, because of the low proportion of minority students and the individuals who I became friends with, I spend my time in a mostly white group now.

I don't know if as I write this I am being too PC or if I am seeing patterns where there aren't any, but I think that we as a community need to see race issues on this campus as something which need to be looked at. I have no answers and no real clear questions.

Sorry, I hope no one was bothered by this, but whether positive or negative I would like to hear from you. Drop me a note @ box 1419.

Black Star Bitch Chronicles

by Mikael Kennedy

I went to this show last weekend that was part of the Brooklyn, VT festival. It was predominately a snowboarding thing, I think, but I guess they called it Brooklyn, VT because one of the main attractions to this festival was Saturday nights entertainment, "Black Star," a Brooklyn based hip-hop group, and "Eminem," an up and coming rapper from Detroit. I went to the show on a press pass and got some decent pictures so I thought I would write a little thing and put my pictures in the *Omen*.



Eminem of "Eminem" gives the audience the finger

The doors opened for the show at 9:00pm and my friends got there at 9:30, concerts almost always start a little late so we figured we would be alright. Well the show didn't actually start until around 11:00 or 11:30, which is ridiculous. There were problems from



Mos Def of "Black Star"

the beginning with the sound systems which delayed the show for the most part. Eminem got so pissed off during his sound check that he said fuck it and left the stage without finishing, so then when he started about 2 to 2 1/2 hours later they had problems with the sound. It wasn't all that bad, waiting I mean. It wasn't like we were just all standing around watching an empty stage, DJ Stretch Armstrong was on

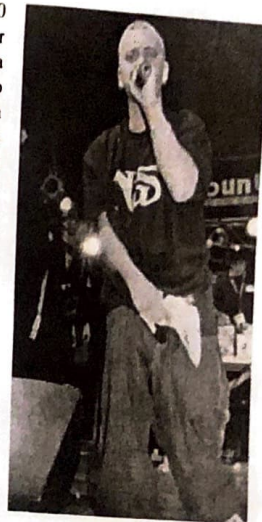
the stage for the entire wait for the concert to start spinning. Occasionally some of the people who represented the sponsors of the show would come out on the stage and throw free shit to the crowd like tapes and shirts and hats. **What happens when you throw free tapes and stuff to a crowd at a show and then make them stand around waiting for a little over 2 hours?** The answer is obvious the crowd gets mad and throws it back. It got so bad that a couple of times people threw shit that hit the turn tables knocking the needle, stopping the music.

Alright back to the actual show, Eminem eventually took the stage. Eminem is really of one the best rappers out there.

His lyrics are insane and he has a really distinct voice and flow to his stuff. He came on the stage with an entire mob of producers and managers which sucked. **They hovered around him the whole time giving him water and beer to throw on the crowd.** Still through all of this I enjoyed his performance, he did his hit song off of "MTV" and a few verses I recognized from some of his freestyles managed to make their way into a few of the songs. The real disappointment was that he only was on for a half an hour and was obviously pissed off about the sound so he didn't play very long.

After Eminem left the

stage there was about a 20 minute delay until Black Star went on. There was a breakdancing crew that came up from NY who had taped down a piece of linoleum in the middle of floor, so during breaks and stuff in the show it was pretty cool to go watch them break. They told me the name of their crew but I forgot cause it was the end of the show and I was real tired. Alright, Black Star is made up of two guys, Talieb Kweli and Mos Def. Both of them are incredible talented rappers and again have a distinct sound in the current hip hop out there. They were definitely worth the three hour wait. They took the stage totally pumped to be there and to be performing. The best part of their show was when they did a song called "Manifesto" which was on the



Eminem of "Eminem"

"Lyricist Lounge" comp. The only problem BlackStar seemed to have during they set was lack of enthusiasts from the crowd. The crowd was definitely more into Black Star then they were Eminem, but still that isn't much. **I wonder whether you could ever get a good crowd for a hip hop show in VT.**

I am not trashing VT, I live there, but every hip hop show I have been to the performer got pissed at the crowd cause they just stood there and didn't do anything.

All in all the show was really fun, mostly because I got there free on a press pass, and I had been dying to see both bands for a while. So that's it, there is my article about the concert. Also here are a bunch of pictures I took at the show. **O** enjoy.



Talieb Kweli of "Black Star"

